*Hora.* My Lord, I came to ſee your fathers funeral.
*Ham.* I prethee doe not mock me fellow ſtudent,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
*Hora.* Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funeral bak't meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deareſt foe in Heauen
Or euer I had ſeene that day *Horatio*,
My father me thinkes I ſee my father.
*Hora.* Where my Lord?
*Ham.* In my minds eie *Horatio*.
*Hora.* I ſaw him once, a was a goodly King.
*Ham.* A was a man take him for all in all
I ſhall not looke vpon his like againe.
*Hora.* My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
*Ham.* Saw, who?
*Hora.* My Lord the King your father.
*Ham.* The King my father?
*Hora.* Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
*Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare?
*Hora.* Two nights together had theſe Gentlemen,
*Marcellus*, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vaſt and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at point, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with ſolemne march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppreſt and feare ſurprized eies,
Within this trnnchions length, whil'ſt they diſtill'd
Almoſt to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,

Theſe



Theſe hands are not more like.
*Ham.* But where was this?
*Mar.* My Lord vpon the platforme where we watcht,
*Ham.* Did you not ſpeake to it?
*Hora.* My Lord, I did,
But anſwer made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp its head and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then the morning Cock crew loud,
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.
*Ham.* Tis verie ſtrange.
*Hora.* As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you know of it.
*Ham.* Indeed ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
*All.* We doe my Lord.
*Ham.* Arm'd ſay you?
*All.* Arm'd my Lord.
*Ham.* From top to toe?
*All.* My Lord from head to foot.
*Ham.* Then ſaw you not his face?
*Hora.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.
*Ham.* What look't he frowningly?
*Hora.* A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
*Ham.* Pale or red?
*Hora.* Nay verie pale.
*Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you?
*Hora.* Moſt conſtantly.
*Ham.* I would I had beene there.
*Hora.* It would haue much amaz'd you.
*Ham.* Verie like: ſtaid it long?
*Hora.* While one with moderate haſte might tell a hund
*Both.* Longer, longer.
*Hora.* Not when I ſaw't.
*Ham.* His beard was griſſeld, no.
*Hora.* It was as I haue ſeene it in his life
A ſable ſiluer'd.